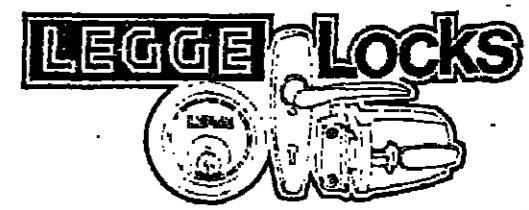


SUNDAY TIMES

weekly review

SEPTEMBER 12 1971

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Jane Goodall continues In the Shadow of Man, her absorbing study of the life-style of chimpanzees and its relevance to human social problems: 'teenager' chimps undergo oddly similar stresses in finding their place in the adult community—and for the motherless the struggle can be too much...

THE PAINS OF GROWING UP

THAPPENS WHEN A CHIMPANZEE infant loses its mother? who did was Merlin. When ied of police at five years we almost glad for, from being ul and impish, he had become etic wreck of a chimpanzee, illated, lethargic and morose. had been about three years still suckling, still riding about his old mother Marina, and gning with her at night, when two of them stopped visiting eeding area. Merlin's six-year-old, Miff, continued to appear arly—and, since she had travellied about with her er and small brother, we pre- that Marina and Merlin had

en, just over three months Merlin reappeared. He d thin, with a tight hard and his eyes seemed enormous as though he had not slept long time. Goodness knows what happened to his mother, how long she had been dead—must have died, for we never again,

on that moment Miff, to all ts and purposes, adopted her brother. She waited for him she went from place to place, allowed him to share her nest ght, she groomed him as freely as his mother would have.

For the first few days after turn she even permitted him to occasionally on her back, after that, she pushed him off to jump on—she was a long-legged youngster and was probably too heavy for

individually, as the weeks passed, n became more emaciated, eyes sank deeper into their ts, and his hair grew dull and thin. He became increasingly gic and played less and less ently with the other young-

In other ways, too, his behaviour began to change.

e day Merlin was sitting ming with Miff when a group chimpanzees approached along forest path. Miff instantly got and hurried some way up is the mature male Humphrey, the forefront of the group, and the pant-hoots indicating minence of an arrival dis-

Two other females nearby hurried out of the way, but began moving fast towards phry, pant-grunting in sub-



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ing. Often he lay stretched flat on the ground whilst the other youngsters played, as though he was constantly exhausted. He was definitely smaller than Flint who was more than a year his junior.

Just before the start of the rains we wondered, for a while whether he was beginning to improve, for he began to play again. Some of his games were quite vigorous—but as soon as one of his playmates got rough, Merlin still either crouched, squealing in submission, or else turned and bit out aggressively.

Despite this improvement, however, when the rains began we all felt convinced that he could not survive six months of cold and wet. At the slightest shower he started to shiver, and often his face and hands and feet actually went blue with cold. That is why we were, in many ways, relieved when polio put an end to his sufferings.

Merlin is not the only orphan we have known; three other infants lost their mothers and two of them, like Merlin, were adopted by their elder siblings.

It seems strange that an orphaned infant should be adopted in this way rather than by an experienced female with a child of her own who could, perhaps, provide the motherless youngster with milk as well as with adequate social protection and security.

Why does a three-year-old chimpanzee become so depressed when he loses his mother? True, he is still dependent to some extent on her milk—but he only suckles for a couple of minutes every two hours, and he is able to eat the same solid foods as an adult. We do not yet know the answer to this question, but we have a clue if we look at the differences in behaviour shown by Merlin and another orphan, Beatle.

Both of these infants had been deprived of their mothers at a similar age, and deprived of the reassurance of the breast. Both, initially, showed gradually increasing depression. But then Merlin's condition declined where as Beatle's improved.

Beatle was able to continue riding about on another chimpanzee, just as she had ridden her mother before her death.

Her world, indeed, had been shattered by the loss of her mother; if her sister moved away only a few yards without her she whimpered, even screamed, and rushed after her. But once she had scrambled aboard she was, once more, in close physical contact with a large chimpanzee—an individual who knew what to do in times of trouble, who would rush her to safety up a tree at the right time, who could run fast and swiftly carry them both to safety.

Merlin, in contrast, no longer had a haven of refuge after Marina's death. Miff was no more than a constant companion and was of little use to her brother in times of social excitement in the group. And so it seems possible that Merlin's troubles were principally psychological; that his terrible physical condition resulted more from a sense of social insecurity than from any nutritional deficiency caused by the absence of his mother's milk.

This theory is to some extent supported by the fact that, when his physical condition was at its worst, just before he died, he did seem to cheer up a little mentally, as though, very slowly, his mind might have been recovering. But, by that time, it was too late.

If, one day, we are able to study the development of a chimpanzee orphan to adulthood, we may learn much. Will time heal the wound caused by the death of the mother? What abnormalities will persist as a result of his early traumatic experience?

The answers may be beneficial to those studying orphaned or socially deprived human children. For, whilst chimpanzee society does impose certain rules of conduct it imposes far fewer than even the most primitive human society.

A human has amazing powers of self-control and he learns, early in life, what are the accepted norms of behaviour. This means that unless he is mentally unbalanced he is usually able to control, at least in public, any inclination he may have to behave in an unacceptable way. A chimpanzee, however, is not inhibited by fear of "making a fool of himself."

By this time Merlin was so thin that every bone showed. His hair was not only dull, but there were great patches of it missing on his legs and arms where he had gradually pulled it out during self-groom-

Photograph by Hugo van Lawick
Merlin, orphaned at three years old, was "adopted" by his older sister, but still he remained stunted and grew neurotic. Study of his and similar cases may help us understand the problems faced by human orphans

much more complex, it is also more difficult to make consistent, regular observations on an adult human. So a real understanding of the less complicated behaviour of a chimpanzee orphan during successive years may prove invaluable to our better understanding of some of the problems faced by human orphans.

ADOLESCENCE IS A DIFFICULT and frustrating time for some chimpanzees just as it is for some humans. Possibly it is worse for males—in both species.

The male chimpanzee becomes physically mature at puberty, when he is between seven and eight years old, but he is still nowhere near full grown: he weighs about forty pounds as compared to the hundred pounds of the fully mature male. And he is still far from socially mature; indeed, he will not be ranked among the mature males for another six or seven years. He is increasingly able to dominate, even terrorise, females—yet in his interactions with the big males he must become ever more cautious in order to avoid arousing their aggression.

One of the most stabilising factors for the adolescent male may well be his relationship with his mother. Old Flo, affectionate and tolerant with all her offspring, was frequently accompanied by Faben and Figan during their adolescence. Oily and another mother, Marina, both less relaxed and tolerant of their youngsters, were joined less often by their adolescent sons but, nevertheless, we saw them together on many occasions.

For the most part, these adolescent males, even when they were ten or eleven years old, continued to show respect for their mothers. If we offered a banana the son usually stood back and waited for his mother to take the fruit.

On many occasions a mother will hurry to try to help her adolescent son. Once when the low-ranking and nervous Mr Worzel attacked Faben, who was about twelve at the time, Flo, with baby Flint clinging to her and her hair on end, rushed towards the scene of strife.

As she approached, Faben's frightened screams instantly turned to angry *waa* barks and he began to display, standing upright and swaggering from foot to foot. Then mother and son, side by side, charged along the track towards old Mr Worzel, with Flo, uttering loud barks in her hoarse voice, stamping on the ground in her fury. Mr Worzel turned and fled.

When an adolescent is attacked by a high-ranking male then, of course, there is little the mother can do, but she usually hurries up to see what is going on, and may utter *waa* barks in the background. Even timid Olly once hung about barking whilst the dominant Mike attacked Evered and afterwards, when her son had run off screaming, she crept submissively up to Mike, pant-grunting hysterically, and laid her hand on his back—as though to propitiate him for whatever rash act on the part of her son had led to the fight.

she is threatened or attacked. One day the old mother Marina threatened Fifi. Fifi screamed. Flo ran to her daughter's assistance, and the two old females tumbled over in the dust.

At this moment Marina's nine-year-old son Pepe, who had been feeding in a palm tree, noticed what was going on. He climbed rapidly from his tree and charged towards his mother. Flo, seeing him coming, turned and fled. Then Marina and Pepe chased Flo and Fifi away and Flo, who had been able to make mincemeat out of Pepe only two years before, screamed until she choked with rage.

In his dealings with the higher—

continued on next page

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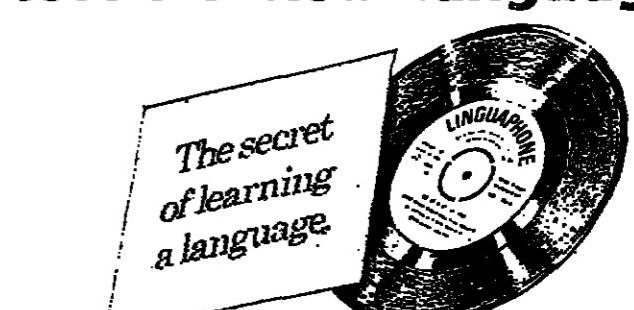
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PHILIP OAKES TALKS TO PENELOPE MORTIMER
JULIAN SYMONS: A WESTERN TRIUMPH



Maurice Wiggin reports on the BBC's mammoth and controversial documentary about the French Occupation

THE TELEVISION MYTH-BREAKERS

TWENTY YEARS as a television critic I have known occasions which were more exciting, more beautiful, more charming and frankly more congenial; but few which raised more profoundly interesting and important questions than *The Sorrow and The Fury*. This enormous compilation film study of France under the German Occupation was written and directed by Marcel Ophuls, not shown by the French television service, ORTF, but shown in the French cinema and on Swiss and German TV, it is shown by BEC2 from 8 pm on Friday until 10 am on Saturday.

any viewer who voluntarily avoided exposure to this sombre experience has my sympathy as a measure of understanding: it was galling, deeply sad, almost unbearably depressing. It was charged with that unmistakable strain tension of the historic event. M. Ophuls and his colleagues re-examined the traumatic French experience by a process of alternating prime propaganda and news film—sometimes they were the same thing—with the hindsight of 1969 (when this film was made). The result is an impression of confusion which, at the moment, I feel may be indelible, though experience teaches, and this film heavily underlines the lesson, that nothing is so permanent as it seems.

We may sum up the philosophical implications of the film... It amply confirms the seriousness of human order, the illusive nature of institutions and ideologies, the viciousness of propaganda, the imperfection of memory, the ineradicable tendency to believe what is congenial and to recollect what is self-esteem.

The sheer bulk and mass of the film was in no measure a protection—for the sensitive viewer, a necessary protection—against being overwhelmed by the sorrow and the pity of it. Though never boring, it did contain tracts less engrossing material (which to a non-Frenchman at any rate) mercifully lowered the temperature. There were times, for example, when it seemed not so much the story of France as the story of Mendès-France. The French cast of survivors chosen by M. Ophuls presented a social and ideological cross-section of French society: from the Communist leader Duclous to the monarchist Colonel Duval, and the ex-Fascist aristocrat Christian de la Mazière, who fought with 7,000 of his countrymen in the French Charlemagne Division of the Waffen SS. From a village barber who was betrayed to Buchenwald for his activities in the Resistance to Petain's complacent Minister, Lamirand and Laval's unctuous in-law, the Comte de Chambrun, who described Laval as a Resistance fighter...

It was the cumulative effect of the relentless documentation of this film which finally told, rather than the novelty of any particular revelation. In fact, there was rather little that seemed new—though it was certainly surprising to learn that during the making of the film they failed to find a single person in France who had actually heard de Gaulle's historic broadcast to his countrymen from London in 1940. The suggestions of cynical treachery in high places in 1940; the allegations that French Jews were zealous collaborators with the Nazis and that Laval's anti-Semitic zeal was far severer than the German's own—all this had been heard before, together with the sealed allegations that the well-off bourgeoisie collaborated most willingly.

It is easy to understand the film's effect on Frenchmen, especially on that younger generation which has grown up with the myth that MODEST Mike Wooller, originator and producer of the intriguing series *All in a Day*, is the man who would have carried the can if it had been a total failure instead of a partial success. So I gave him all the credit there was. But he is anxious that credit for their interpretation of the idea and understanding of the concept should go to his team of young directors—Tim King, Alan Bell, Rex Bloomstein and Anna Benson-Gyles—and also the film editors, in particular David Naden and David Martin. Gladly.



The first British production of Alban Berg's opera "Lulu" opens at the New Theatre, Cardiff, presented by the Welsh National Opera. Carole Farley sings the title role and Paul Hudson (right) is the strong-man Rodrigo. Production is by Michael Gethin, the designer is Ralph Koltai, the conductor James Lockhart

MY MUSICAL WEEK began in Scotland and led me to the Round House, Albert Hall and Covent Garden. In two Usher Hall concerts under Georg Solti, and on their first ever European tour, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra proved their place among America's first three or four.

Reverting to my old theme of the convergence of fact and fiction, I was persistently reminded during these painful hours of BBC 2's most memorable, most powerful, though by now most popular drama serial, Sartre's "The Roads to Freedom," which presented a brilliant, committed artist's vision of the harrowing truth of 1940 with almost unbearable poignancy. And I found myself thinking not only of Rex Finkin's gripping historical serial *Manhunt*, set in those circumstances, which has been having its second run on London Weekend Television, but also of his current serial, *The Guardians*, which is an attempt to project a vision of England under totalitarian government in the near future.

The *Guardians* has been very uneven. John Bowes' contributions stand out so clearly that I wish he could have written the entire series.

But the main objection which I have, the real misgiving, is that the characters seem to be living in a curious isolation. One wonders where the population is. There is no feeling of a restless, mutinous freedom-loving population, murmuring around outside, murmuring for change. England is strangely quiet. The Ophuls film makes one ask still more insistently, would it be so quiet?

I do not, of course, presume to answer any of the questions raised by these experiences. It is all I can do to isolate them, to suggest that they are still there, still unanswered; and to leave them to you. These are the occasions which justify TV's claim to importance—and to underline its common triviality, and ours.

Some of Solti's urgency informed an impeccable account of Mozart's D minor Piano Concerto by Vladimir Ashkenazy, who was in the same splendid form at Tuesday's Prom. There, with the LPO under John Pritchard, he made light of the technical difficulties of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto, but not of its musical content. A prince among pianists.

On several counts, the London

orchestral première of Messiaen's Poème pour le Poème at that concert failed to reach anything like a similar standard of execution. A key work in his earlier, pre-war manner, it is unfamiliarity with the composer's laud, for he demands a dramatic soprano of Wagnerian vocal girth. More of a Melisande than an Isolde, though with doubtful French vowels, Jane Marsh hardly fulfils this ideal, and is no match for Messiaen's more taxing passages. And neither Mr Pritchard nor the LPO seemed quite happy with his irregular rhythms. It was on the whole, an unconvincing performance, unlike, for example, the completely idiomatic account of an earlier French song-cycle, Debussy's Proses Lyriques, by Gerald English and Margaret Kitchin in Edinburgh the previous morning.

The week's newer music included, at another Edinburgh morning concert, the first performance of Martin Dalby's The Keeper of the Pass, commissioned by the Festival for the Matrix, yet another with-it group in which the ubiquitous Alan Hacker leads his clarinets and Jane Manning further exploits her vocal versatility. The score, a text (revealed, of course) by Christopher Isherwood, is set to the lions with fine fecklessness. But behind the multi-media mish-mash, a scene for Cleo Laine on the subject of Adamic myth, and his other extravaganza, there was enough evidence in his handling of musical resources, even in the simplest sections, to show that Newson, like Dalby, knows what music is about.

A team of ten, with Gertie Charleton, Marie-Thérèse Cahn and William Pearson supplying what might doubtfully be termed the vocal element, were conducted in Ligeti's Aventures et Nouvelles aventures by Pierre Boulez who

shows that Mr Dalby can play this particular game rather well, without denying his more positive musical abilities.

Another young composer who knows what music is about but is more interested in exploration than in cultivation is George Newson, who, after the promise of an early Cheltenham Festival commission, touched an off-the-low record at Birdsong, which once filled the Elizabeth Hall with indescribable cacophony for too long. His latest BBC commission, this time, brought a kind of tropical circus to the Round House. It involved Jane Manning (of course), Cleo Laine, Joe Melia, the King's Singers and the Goldsmiths' College Music Society Choir. Mr Newson threw them all to the lions with fine fecklessness. But behind the multi-

media mish-mash, a scene for Cleo Laine on the subject of Adamic myth, and his other extravaganza, there was enough evidence in his handling of musical resources, even in the simplest sections, to show that Newson, like Dalby, knows what music is about.

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had more difficulty in restraining his amusement than in beating time. The joke, new to London perhaps, is at least eleven years old. It began in a Cologne attic, the Atelier Baumeister (Miss Baumeister is now Mrs Stockhausen), when a younger William Pearson performed Carlo Bussotti's "Pearson Piece" with the composer, as a fringe event of the I.S.C.M. Festival. Now the two added ladies make the vocal antics trebly hilarious. But, the visual fun apart, Mr Ligeti's score is very, very thin.

AFTER which the long E flat chord opening Wagner's Rhinegold has never sounded more welcome or confident than it did on Wednesday at Covent Garden when Edward Downes began the first of this year's two "Ring" cycles. Apart from

two splendid visitors, Karl Ritterbusch, an almost touchingly lyrical Falstaff, and Marius Rinteler, a musical as well as malleable Alberich, the cast is a strong home team. A lyric quality of voice also informs Ava Junek's Freia, John Lanigan's the conductor James Lockhart

Froh, John Lanigan has the right detachment for Loge, while Donald McIntyre's golden-voiced Wotan fulfils all hopes. Mr Downes' reading, gentler than Solti's, was no less precise.

Thursday's Walkure brought

two newcomers, Ritterbusch's nobly sonorous Hunding, and the Siegmund of Richard Cassilly, an equally Herculean American, to partner the already much admired and ever movingly beautiful Sieglinde of Helga Dernesch.

This vocal ardour was matched

by the consistently fine and flexible orchestral playing secured

by Mr Downes. With the now familiar Brünhilde of Amy Shuard, Donald McIntyre's

Wotan, the acceptable castings of a new Fricka (Ruth Hesse), and a full-voiced team of Valkyries, Covent Garden's latest Wagner trilogy has begun proudly.

The isle is full of noises

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NEWS IN THE ARTS

BBC TV launch exploring epic

KENNETH PEARSON

was an instant success. Later she was compared with George Eliot, and Henry James at one time lamented his inferiority! At the height of her career, when some one stole a plot of hers for a play, she sued, won, and her action caused a change in our copyright laws. Grateful English authors sent her an inscribed bracelet.

• Hidden subsidies

VARIETY has just published the results of its London critics' poll and the results, apart from their news value, show a remarkable trend. One at least which shows the way the West End commercial theatre is going. Out of the seventeen awards made by the critics, six went to 69 theatre companies. Catch My Soul. Others went to Lulu and Forget Me Not. Last All told, fifteen out of the seventeen awards went to shows which had started life in Arts Council subsidised regional theatres. West End theatre managers, faced with rising costs, are relying more and more on well-made imports whose initial costs have been borne by public subsidies.

• Fauntleroy fun

ANN THWAITE, children's story writer, flies to New York and Boston this week to pick up more threads in an exciting detective story. She is writing the first British biography of Frances Hodgson Burnett, the author of Little Lord Fauntleroy (1886) and The Secret Garden (1910). It's a riches to rags and back to riches story. F.H.B. was born in Manchester in 1849, the daughter of a hardware manufacturer who went broke and died when the American Civil War cut off cotton supplies, and his Mancunian customers ran out of money. The rest of the family emigrated to Tennessee, lived at first in a long cabin and ate off the delicate china plates of past affluent days. F.H.B., who wrote over fifty books among which her serious novels were very well received, began by writing romantic yarns for magazines. Her first novel, called *That Lass o' Lowrie's*,

will be reserved for more new plays and the work of other experimental groups. In the meantime, James is preparing a production of Romeo and Juliet for the Young Vic's main stage.

• EMI cuts Chicago ?

THE COST of recording orchestras in the United States has soared so high that EMI are thinking of ending their long association with the Chicago Symphony. Four years ago twelve big American orchestras were recording. Now that figure is down to three. EMI are talking to Chicago about a new contract, but are not very hopeful with fees as they are.

• Birth of snaps

FOR NEXT APRIL and beyond the Victoria and Albert Museum has pencilled into its schedules an intriguing exhibition about the birth of photography. Designed by Robin Wade and assembled by one of the foremost experts on early photography, Dr David Thomas of the Science Museum, the show will be staged under the intriguing title "From Today Painting is Dead." It's a remark said to have been made by a panicky Impressionist painter when he saw his first photograph. Tom Wedgwood, son of potter Josiah, and Humphry Davy of the miners' lamp, were the first here to invent the invention around 1802. But it was the French lithographer Niépce who produced the first picture image—and then even he couldn't fix it. The Wade-Thomas exhibition will take the subject up to 1888 when Eastman invented the roll film. After that it was "You press the button, and we'll do the rest."

• ICA changes

AND THAT TAKES us neatly to the INSTITUTE OF Contemporary Arts where, after the trauma of debts and sackings, director Peter James is looking for a new play to open the studio theatre at the end of October. After that the theatre revolution. A photo-research

centre and library is being established as one of the central functions of the ICA. The place is changing shape as well. Gifts from builder-art collector Alastair McAlpine and Terrence Conran are making it possible to break up the hangar-like appearance of the main gallery with a mezzanine floor, a bigger restaurant, a bar and more exhibiting room.

"We're aiming to get the ICA back to a talk place, a forum," says Thompson. Soon after the ICA opens in October, Auden will be reading there and a special exhibition will study the much-needed cassette revolution. All are tied to lectures.

• The score at Leeds

NEXT WEDNESDAY the Leeds Playhouse celebrates its first birthday with the world première of Colin Wilson's Picture. In a Bath of Acid, in which Alfred Burke plays Strindberg. Before then, tomorrow in fact, the theatre's board will receive the first season's accounts. And they're not bad at all. After subsidies of £22,000 from the Arts Council and £5,000 from Leeds, the operating deficit turns out to be £2,222, though they still need £40,000 on the capital account to cover the cost of the building. Customers during the eight-month period numbered 90,950. Hamlet drew audiences of 87 per cent capacity and Arthur Miller's The Crucible attracted 73 per cent. Perhaps the most encouraging figure is to be found for Ken Campbell's Old King Cole at matinees only—11,536 children and parents turned up.

• LSO for Milan

THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA's winter plans, to be released this week, include three concerts in October at the Verdi Conservatorio in Milan. The highlight of the LSO's visit will in fact be the subject of a probable world première at the Festival Hall on October 10 when the orchestra plays Paganini's Third Violin Concerto with the soloist Henryk Szeryng. I say "probable" because it is not known for certain whether the piece was played in Paganini's lifetime. Alexander Gibson, who has already recorded the work with the LSO, will conduct in London. Edward Downes takes over in Milan.

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Bloodbath at the beach

FILMS □ DILYS POWELL

AHEAD, the week looked grey. One mustn't, of course, pre-judge; but it is difficult as one glances down the list of films to choke back that groan over the absence of stirring names (even the hated names will do). And Monday morning with *Scandalous* John (Odeon, Leicester Square; director Robert Butler; Techni-U), a Walt Disney not quite Western with Keith as an overdrawn romantic, the tedious old Don Quixote of the frontier, didn't help.

Who would have thought that in the afternoon one would be roused by a French-German-Belgian X certificate film at the Cameo Victoria called *Daughters of Darkness*?

One might, I know, have considered the name of the director, Harry Kurnell, who made *Monsieur Hawarden*; but Monsieur Hawarden, beautifully composed though it was, moved rather heavily in the wake of *Last Year in Marienbad*. The east list promised Delphine Seyrig; but Miss Seyrig could never Marienbad again, only pastiche. The opening, true, was not at all Marienbad. But I was disengaged by the first sequence and its amours (what, again? one thought) of the newly married Mir (John Kander and Danielle Ouimet). The huge empty Ostend hotel looking on to the deserted beach (yes, a bit Marienbad) did a little, but not much, to interest. And the arrival in the middle of the night of Miss Seyrig, glittering in black, with her devotee (Andrea Rau) and a demand for the Royal suite seemed merely to promise the kind of absurdity one counts on from Vincent Price.

And for a while as the Countess (with dark significance) the hotel porter recalls seeing her, looking exactly the same, forty years earlier) flutters her feather boas and, in ankle-length scarlet, toys with an emerald green drink; one is still inclined to take it all as a joke. The snake-like gestures, the Marceline hair, the sweet wolfish smile—but no, suddenly *Daughters of Darkness* isn't at all a horror-comic.

The plot is handled with occasional touches of irony. For instance there is the passage in which the young husband reluctantly rings up to acquaint his family with his marriage, and the mother ("having breakfast in the conservatory," says the butler,



Delphine Seyrig: ageless Countess

direction of the German and Scandinavian fantasies of the silent era. Irony and an undisguised enjoyment of the visual properties save her film from being a horror-horror. I should be inclined to call it the best of modern Gothic.

AT THE New Victoria, another backward glance, *Quest for Love* (director Ralph Thomas; colour; A), with a screenplay based by Terence Feely on a story by John Wyndham, takes us back to romance, but does it up in science-fiction. The hero (Tom Bell) after an accident finds that time has split. History has taken two separate paths, and he is living a life parallel and contemporaneous with but different from the one which he remembers and which (really) this is the devil to explain is still going on. In his second life he has mistreated his wife (Nora Collins). But coming from another existence he falls in love with her, if he gets back to his first life (see what I

TOMORROW a week of Croatian films opens at the National Film Theatre with *The Event*, Mimica's brilliant version of a Chekhov story. Also notable in a remarkable programme, the anarchic *Sunday*; a curious study of domestic obsession, *Gold*, *Frankenstein* and *Myrrh*; and, of course, the incomparable Zagreb cartoons.

Film books: page 38

Summer balance

RADIO
JEREMY RUNDALL

SUMMER is a difficult time for Radio Three. As well as their normal heavy quota of music they have to fit in the Proms, the Test Matches when it isn't snowing, and a proper measure of speech and drama. So it's not surprising that many of the recent Sunday night play spots should have been repeats—rather a matter for congratulation that there have been so few. I was delighted anyway with a second chance to hear David Cawte's *The Demonstration*—an articulate but deliberately untidy play about a play involving student revolt.

Last Sunday, though, did yield a piece new to radio: Mr Joyce is Leaving Paris. More a literary game than a conventional play, Tom Gallacher's vignette shifted between Paris and Trieste, dodging in time like a course-bell, setting the Joyce of Finnegans Wake against Joyce the alcoholic sponger, mauldin and going blind, bumming a living from his brother, Norman Rodway and Allan McClelland did a virtuous job; the whole was contrived in a pattern of voices ideal for radio. It recalled Beckett.

The new series *Piped Piper* has got off to a good start. A chatty, remarkably informative afternoon programme for children, it's basically twenty minutes of pain-free musical appreciation disarmingly served up by David Munrow. A Press hearing made me wonder whether it might be heavy metal for the mind, but my six-year-old daughter lapped it up. Radio 3 again.

Autumn has been declared, and Radio 4 promises new things. I'm not altogether happy with the policy already in effect of running "Story Time" instead of the old day-and-a-night rotation. On the other hand, I shall welcome more large-scale novel dramatisations, such as the recent four-part *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* on Sunday afternoons.

THIS WEEK: repeat of Buchner's *Woyzeck*, beautifully done by Martin Esslin (Radio 3, tonight, 7.30); *The Well of St. Sainte* (Radio 4, tomorrow, 8.30), commemorating Woyzeck's birthday centenary; *Utopia* is *Bunk Isn't It?* (Radio Tuesday, 8.30). Jonathan Miller wonders whether it is.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

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Sept. 27 to Oct. 2. Evng. 7.30, Mat. Sat. 2.30

PACO PEÑA's
Flamenco Puro
Guitar: GUILLERMO BASILICO
Pianist: MARIA TITA
Dancers: BARRILITO, EL SORDERA
Singers: Management: Basil Douglas Ltd.

OCTOBER 4 (preview), 5, 6, 7, 8 & 9 at 7.30
OXFORD PLAYHOUSE COMPANY(Meadow Players Ltd. in association with the Art Council of Great Britain)
in conjunction with Sadler's Wells Theatre presents

Aristophanes'

A DIET OF WOMEN

Definitely unsuitable for children. Others will be able to enjoy the brilliant bawdy of Aristophanes' vision of what happens when women take over law-making.

POPULAR HIFI

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ROBERT ANDERSON, whose "Solitaire" and "Double Solitaire" came to the Lyceum in the final week of the Edinburgh Festival, once wrote an unconsciously very funny play called "Tea and Sympathy". It was based on two assumptions, both of them wrong: that homosexuals are loud-mouthed bullies and that it is the duty of middle-aged ladies to prove in the most practical manner that young American boys are budding Casanovas. Aided by George Baker's fine performance of stricken grief, Mr Anderson did rather better with "I Never Sang for My Father." But now he is back again in the sentimental fantasy world.

In *Solitaire* Mr Anderson shows us a man, some time in the computerised future, searching for family life (by then abolished), and finding only an imitation of it in a sort of brothel. Cut to the last, he commits suicide, and that's that. Of course, one immediately makes the man, shaped by the same influences that have made everyone else in his world hate and fear the family, should be different from them? Mr Anderson does not even suggest an explanation, and in a riot of disbelief the easy tears at which he is aiming refuse to flow.

Double Solitaire is rather better. The occasion of a golden wedding gives the opportunity for a three-generation discussion of marriage which brings inadroitly enough some of the difficulties of that formidable institution. So far as the play is concerned, these are sexual. No one in "Double Solitaire" is worried by the vulgar problem of not having the money to buy a house. Now that sex Mr Anderson writes briskly, a cut-and-dried fashion. But he unwisely abandons

persiflage and makes a wild shot at examining, not sexual games, but the fundamentals of marriage. He assumes that love and what is euphemistically called making love are the same thing. They are not, or there would be no future for

affection. Affection is not an easy effect to gain in fiction, but the fact has been acknowledged more than once. Recently too.

There is love, deep and tragic, between the black man and the narrator's mother in Graham Greene's "The Comedians". There is love, this time buoyant and resourceful, of husband for wife in William Douglas Home's "The Secretary Bird".

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APPROACHING NINETY. Mr Williams Ellis describes himself, he reminds me of Arianeau's comment on Churchill: "a very old eighty."

Mr Williams Ellis is an amateur and one might describe him as the best "approaching ninety" currently at large, still climbing mountains faster than other people, still a practising and a land-owning architect like the Prince-Bishops of Wurzburg, still planning and managing in command of his faculties, except memory for people, which admits was never his strong point. "You mustn't mind Clough cutting you; he never recognises anybody, though if you only had a facade instead of a face he could never forget you," and he himself quotes an anecdote with approval.

Patient: I have lost my memory. Doctor: When did you lose it?

Of course he remembers, easily, his hearing out Dr Connolly's simplest theory of memory, not only by forgetting the present can we remember the past; every recent face, name, or experience is superimposed on an earlier one which is liberated only when the repainting is washed away. "A bad memory or names—but I never forget a face"—even as I never forgot a book while frequently cutting the author.

Fortunately nearly all faces which I cannot put a name are associated with pleasant experiences or else pleasant in themselves. Perhaps everyone over sixty should wear their name and

occupation round their neck on a plaque about the size of a car's number plate. These could be very pretty things and designed, like the Elizabethan "impressions" by leading artists.

Clough Williams Ellis is a man equally favoured by fortune. One of his three names is a surname bringing with it a share of the good things of life—money, land, brains, health, a fine house—and with this patrimony came a vocation, architecture, which he loved from childhood. From 1926, when he bought the Portmeirion peninsula, he was "landowner, clerk-of-works, architect, client, master-builder and builder all rolled into one." He might have added "hotels" for that is what Portmeirion is: an hotel for Italianate Englishmen who find Portofino too far or too hot; an open-air museum of architectural relics and essays in nostalgia, all set among rhododendrons, woodlands and coastal paths of short turf above sandy coves wanting only the rabbit droppings to evoke childhood completely, or a sunburnt scene from Stalkey & Co.

I spent last Easter at Portmeirion in one of the cottages, which our family filled. The weather was ugly; we visited Snowdonia and the two beautiful houses on each side of the Menai Straits, which here should be called Puget Sound; also the magnolias of Bodnant and Mr Williams Ellis' own old mountain home with its somewhat

ARCHITECT ERRANT by Clough Williams Ellis
Constable £3.25 pp 291

CYRIL CONNOLLY

austere four stories of immensely solid masonry reared up on its terraced hillside. Everything was perfect but the food and one came to dread the descent to the crowded restaurant, especially as the country round is a gastronomic desert—but I am reviewing an autobiography, not a menu.

The worst that can be said of Portmeirion he has said himself: "The wilful perversities, the calculated naivities, eye-traps, forced and faked perspectives, heretical constructions, unorthodox colour mixtures and general architectural lewdness."

As an author Mr Williams Ellis is competent; he lets his enthusiasm for architecture and the preservation of the countryside provide his inspiration. He does not wish to reveal too much about himself: there are no pictures of him as a child, young man or even any of his parents. (His father was a senior wrangler who was given a Cambridge living.) On the other hand he rejoices in his fifty years and more of marriage to Amabel Strachey, sister of the politician and daughter of the editor of *The Spectator* to whom Eliot addressed a French poem.

There are many anecdotes of

his youth in Edwardian London, that city where the old Regent Street still stood, where a governing class still governed, where everyone who was anyone knew anyone who was someone and nobody was no one provided they were white, and had been to a good public school.

We managed to get asked to a good many parties to which we descended (usually in our rambunctious roundabout way) that the other one was likely to be invited.

Unfortunately Mr Williams Ellis is equally reticent about names, and one longs to be told exactly who the eccentric peers, romantic (though never encouraged) ladies and difficult millionaire clients actually were. Please supply names in future editions. What was the house with an outdoor smoking room and where he last encountered "full-lived knee-breeched footmen" with "frothy mugs and powdered hair"? Who is the client who put him in the haunted room, where he was nearly strangled by ghostly fingers, and who sent him a five-pound note as fee for his report and draft plans with a note "she was very sorry but that was as much as she could afford"?

And who was "Mrs A." who took an unfurnished stately home for three days to install her guests for a neighbouring hunt ball; who was the "dissolute who lived abroad, who never answered letters?" Whose marvellous house, full of Regency clothes, he explored when empty and which now belongs to the National Trust; who was his hostess in Ireland in a castle with twenty-two indoor servants who raised his indignation at the worst moment of the war?

After enjoying Irish freedom, absence of black-out, etc., he returned to castigate its "care-free luxury" on the wireless. This gives a clue to his well-camouflaged ego. I am inclined to think that he has a vein of puritanism; that he is not altogether the aesthete which he affects to be but a public-spirited reformer, if to reform be to preserve. He has a quiet but ever-running ego like a Rolls-Royce engine, and is able to get away with it because no one suspects architects of being the same clay as poets and painters. Lutyens, of whom he gives a brief, simple sketch, was an exception, a true prince donna called Sir Thomas Beecham or Augustus John. Otherwise the drawing-board confers the respectability of the surgeon's scalpel or the slide-rule.

Yet without egotism there would be no autobiography. Mr Williams Ellis is a younger son,

and one who loved his mother. He quotes with approval a toast of Lutyens (given at a dinner of high ecclesiastical dignitaries):

"Here's to the happiest years of our lives,
Spent in the arms of other men's wives.
Gentlemen, Our mothers!"

The boy grew up into a wild rebel against the late Victorian scene, and a man of the Left. A passion for islands to which he gave full rein before he settled for a peninsula is almost symbolic of a mother-fixated romantic; his friend Compton Mackenzie will bear this out. Geoffrey Scott, a tame architect for Berenson, was another romantic crook.

One curious characteristic that nearly all small islanders have in common, and that is that they are more or less later for love. Susceptible romantics fall blindly in love with them only to discover that the affair is doomed by the difficulty of ready communication with the beloved.

Besides being "hard to reach and harder still to get away from, islands have little shelter and no timber and are fantastically difficult and expensive to build upon"—they are like the "false mothers" made of tin to which the ring-worms are forced to cling for protection. But Mr Williams Ellis is sensible as well as romantic; he has filled out his dream-world out of his subconscious memory, and made it Prospero's.

Detective Super

DETECTIVE'S STORY by George Hatherill/Andre Deutsch £2.50
HURD WAS MY BUSINESS by John du Rose/W H Allen £2
HE VICTIMS by John Rossiter/Cassell £2.10

RICHARD F SPARKS

Mr HATHERILL and Mr du Rose added two more volumes to the lengthy shelf of executives' memoirs which have appeared in the past few years. In form and manner, there is little to distinguish their books from others of this kind. They consist mainly of summaries of famous cases in which their authors took part during long careers with the Metropolitan Police: tales of forgers, con men, liars, the Krays, the Richards, the Great Train Robbers.

Mr Rossiter has written a novel which is said to be based on his many years' experience as a chief Superintendent in the CID either his plot nor his characters are very believable; at the book presumably gives a fair enough picture of his view of the world in which detectives live and work.

What can books like these tell us about the police? Understandably, they concentrate on crime and detection, and so inevitably they present a distorted picture of what police work really consists of. Both Mr Hatherill and Mr du Rose devote a few pages to their time in the uniform branch; but little is said about the undane realities of traffic control, the settling of family squabbles, the supervising of juvenile delinquents, the public relations, paperwork, social work and technology: the stuff of which policing is largely made in England today.

What these books do, in their different ways, is to present a composite picture of a special kind of middle-class folk hero, whom we may call the Detective Super. All three books suggest that Mr Hatherill actually lists the virtues of this man: they include physical strength and fitness, courage, patience, tact, persistence, self-discipline to the point of asceticism. The Detective Super is a traditionalist, with a strong sense of the morally proper—rather like Mary Whitehouse with a warrant card. He hates and yet seems fascinated by time: his relations with criminals are similarly ambivalent, though masked (at least in memoriam) by a professional objectivity. He does a difficult and often unpleasant job, and as result is often a rather lonely man—isolated from the public, lightly contemptuous of police—in uniform.

To a large extent, of course, the Detective Super is a creation of publishers, ghostwriters and their audience—as Mr Barlow of



Propeller-driven lifebuoy invented in 1895 by M. Francois Barathon of Paris: one of nearly 200 pictures (some prophetic, some eccentric) from "Victorian Inventions" by Leonard de Vries (John Murray £2).

Heroine of our time

HANNAH SENESH is regarded as the Anna Frank of Israel. She started writing a diary as a young girl and she died at the hands of the Nazis even more terrible than Anna Frank. She has become a national heroine of Israel and her poems are recited all over the land and taught at schools. The present book means to introduce her as a writer to the English-speaking world and tell her tragic story in detail.

The first of these aims is not too successful: the diary as a piece of writing is not outstanding, it lacks the literary qualities, the anguish and tension of Anna Frank's; the poems may be masterpieces for all we know but they do not convey this impression in translation.

But behind the diary and the poems there stands an extraordinary human being, bright, affectionate, unselfish and dedicated. Hannah Senesh was the daughter of Bela Szencs, a kind of Noel Coward of Hungary in the Twenties. Bela Szencs produced innocuous, featherweight, unpatriotic and escapist but extremely witty, charming and successful comedies. He was regarded as the heir of Ferenc Molnar but could not succeed to the throne: he died from a heart-attack in 1927 when his daughter was only six years old.

At the age of seventeen, Hannah decided to emigrate to Palestine, a rare decision for a Hungarian girl as Hungarian Jews were, on the whole, more Magyar than the Magyars and there were few Zionists among them. The European war had already started when she succeeded in leaving in 1939, although Hungary itself was still neutral. In Israel she worked at odd jobs, joined a kibbutz and was very happy and slightly disappointed at one and the same time. "I love this land. Rather I want to love it," she wrote in her diary.

In 1943 she decided that she had to go back to Hungary. She volunteered for the British army, was trained as a parachutist and eventually dropped in Yugoslavia. After a few months with the Partisans she and her comrades crossed the Hungarian border. The group's task was to help Allied prisoners of war as well as Hungarian Jews. Hannah was the group's radio operator. She was caught within one hour of crossing into her land of birth. She was tortured because she refused to betray her code, knowing that the Germans might use it to lure British planes to their destruction. The Gestapo arrested her mother and threatened Hannah to torture her in front of her own eyes should she persist in her refusal to give the code away. Hannah—who adored her mother—was still refused.

On November 7, 1944, the

Firsts to last

In 1919, leaving his wife and children behind, Hermann Hesse moved to Switzerland as a protest against German militarism in the First World War; he lived there in self-imposed exile until his death at the age of 85 in 1962. He called *Kingsor's Last Summer*—three strongly autobiographical novellas which he wrote in 1919—"my revolutionary book". Cape have just published the first British edition at £1.95. "Marvellous" said the Daily Telegraph, "as alive and spinning with colour as a canvas by Van Gogh . . . a cosmic hymn to life". Other Hesses introduced to this country by Cape are the new translation of his masterpiece *The Glass Bead Game*, the novel that won for him the Nobel Prize; *Rosshilde* ("not to be missed" *Guardian*) and, in the Cape Editions series, *Poems*—so much in demand that it had to be reprinted before publication day. Two more books are coming next spring: a collection of political essays, *If the War Goes On*, and *Knulp*, three tales of a vagabond.

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Besides being "hard to reach and harder still to get away from, islands have little shelter and no timber and are fantastically difficult and expensive to build upon"—they are like the "false mothers" made of tin to which the ring-worms are forced to cling for protection. They caused a sensation in London, her husband boasted. Though invited regularly to Court functions and popular with South American diplomats, she was never taken up, we learn, by what was then called good society—for which in any case she had neither the time nor the inclination.

Her pearls were black, her diamonds yellow, her gowns Bakst-bright, her hats larger

than any others and more bedizened with windmills of satin, piles of fruit or flowers and tropical plumage. (They caused a sensation in London, her husband boasted.) Though invited regularly to Court functions and popular with South American diplomats, she was never taken up, we learn, by what was then called good society—for which in any case she had neither the time nor the inclination.

When her husband was recalled from London to Bolivia, she went with him; but soon he became hard-up, and deserted her. Their only child had died, and in the early Twenties she came back to England with only a pitance, living first with Mr Beaton's parents, then in a Maid Vale flat, when his father could no longer endure her gay chatter, her heady scents, her pale mauve powder and her hair, now dyed a deep beetroot.

Jessie Sisson was born in 1864 on a small Westmorland farm owned by her father, who was more interested in shooting, fishing and farriery than in agriculture. He had three sons, of whom we hear nothing, and six daughters, four of whom found prosperous husbands. Etty, the most beautiful, married Mr Beaton's father (who had inherited a flourishing timber business) and Jessie, the most alluring, Don Pedro Suarez, who whisked her off to South America and later became Bolivian Minister in London. His chest, blushing with emotion, and his aristocratic manners like those in *Feejee farces*. On one occasion he was assaulted by his publisher, who promptly knocked him out by shoving a large bunch of keys at his swarthy phiz.

Jessie interests us not only as her lively self but as a dominating influence upon her nephew. His home, a large house in West Hampstead, was sadly philistine. He was taught nothing about books or even religion; and when already mad about the theatre was always dragged off instead to look at conjuring tricks.

We were read aloud to only when ill; the coloured illustrations were well drawn, green grasses and oceans and pinkies of other cities.

My mother never took us to museums or showed us picture books; I could not understand Aunt Jessie's love for the murky urns or Madonnas in tattered backgrounds of blue and white, explained. We just slid into life, and presumably we would make our own discoveries. Perhaps this is the best way.

And yet . . . Mr Beaton does not complete his sentence. But since later in the book he regrets his limited education, he probably means that in his home had not been so surprisingly short of books, he might have developed wider interests during his stay in London and Cambridge. Instead he concentrated his acumen upon the visual world and human character. His father vainly tried to interest him in cricket; his adored mother was deeply conventional in her views and tastes. "The hair-tidies she

would be blindfolded. Even when ill,

she wanted to see all the barrels of the guns of the Hungarian Nazis who shot her.

Family feeling has always been one of Mr Beaton's virtues. When first making his way into a more interesting world, he was at pains to carry his two pretty sisters with him; his mother in her last years lived in his country house, and so during the last War did Modom. She had enlivened his childhood, and his memories of her helped to promote his career.

Invited to design the costumes for "My Fair Lady" in the Edwardian style, he was able to follow his own preference for 1912, the date of "Pygmalion"—and also of his aunt's crucial influence upon his taste. Although then he was only eight, his eye was already sharp for visual minutiae—the fuchsias like magic lanterns with shrimp-whiskers, the reddish-mauve glow around the nostrils of South American men, the primrose whites of their eyes, a gown combining pale grey with apricot, his aunt's elaborate *maquillage* with varicoloured cream-like eyelids and mascara-lashed lashes, the bunches of artificial flowers at her waist, the high heels studded with brilliants, the weighty fur muff and the hat like cartwheels or wedging cakes.

By drawing on such recollections, he infected the audiences of "My Fair Lady" with his own enthusiasm. "In creative work of almost every kind, one of the most important prerequisites is that the artist should have enjoyed himself." Even in Mr Beaton's theatrical evocations of earlier periods one can often detect his love for the characteristics of 1912. Are we not all of us in varying degrees imprisoned in the taste of our own generation? But he formed his taste when exceptionally young.

This tribute from a nephew is packed with pathos and warmth as well as humour. Aunt Jessie with her yapping little dogs, her slang and her tireless animation may have been a trial to Mr Beaton's parents. To his readers she will be a joy.

TRAVELS IN NIHILON

Alan Sillitoe

Here in this stunning new Sillitoe novel we find an entirely new Sillitoe—witty, satirical, sophisticated, provocative and utterly contemporary. The mythical land of Nihilon is a marvellous medium for the novelistic gifts of one of Britain's foremost young writers.

SUMMER OF '42

Herman Raucher

You wouldn't think that an hilariously funny book about adolescent sex could also be deeply moving, heart-warming and hauntingly sad. "Summer of '42 is the seller of 1971" says Robert Lister in the *Evening Standard*.

Herman Raucher

THOSE FABULOUS GREEKS

Doris Lilly

If ever the overworked adjective "fabulous" could be justified in describing a book it certainly can be in this triple-biography of the three Greek billionaires, Onassis, Niarchos, and Livans. The spicy stories which Doris Lilly here reveals are simply—fabulous!

JEANNIE SAKOL

GUMDROP

Jeannie Sakol

Strictly for the "with-it" people is this tale of the frenetic life and adventures of Gumdrop Monroe ("This Year's Girl") and the biggest fashion explosion since Twiggy. The novel is now being filmed.

THE SENSUOUS MAN

by "M"

Over two million readers bought "The Sensuous Woman" by "J". There is already evidence that the sequel—"The Way to Become the Sensuous Man" by "M"—is going to sell even more.

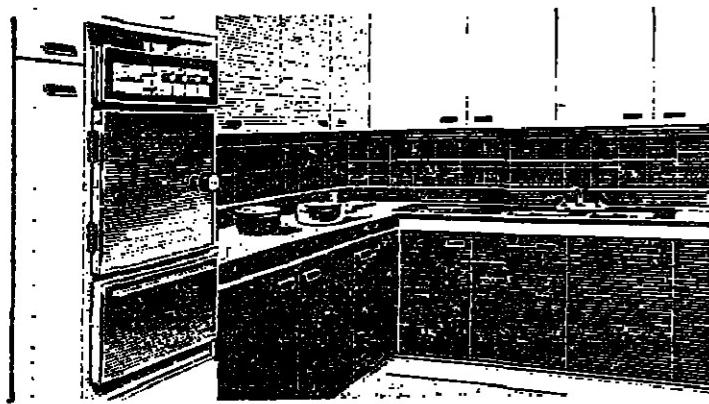
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LOOK!

Smart boy seeks shoes

THE ORANGE HAND has made its striking appearance all over Britain. It represents a chain of shops selling clothes for boys from 5 to 15, and we thought the gear could best be consumer tested by a boy.

We chose Toby Hall, a 15-year-old (just) with a marked critical faculty: only his spelling lacks:

The first impression was good so considering myself of average size tried some things. The first things I tried on were trowsers. Out of jeans, cords, canvases casuals and "tailored trowsers" they hadn't one pair to fit me, this seems odd, to say the least, for the shop with supposedly the most varied size range in existence.

Next were the shorts these were well made and cheap although I still couldn't get one to fit me. My next stop was the jacket department. The casual jackets and the blazers impressed me. At about £8 they were well made and very good value. If I had had anything more that my bus fare home I would have bought one or the other.

Shoes, there were some rather nice "two tone" boots on sale so endeavoured to try a pair on I asked for a size seven pair, the assistant said, sorry we only go up to fours. Now the only 13-year-old boy I know who wears less than size five is my Cocker Spaniel! The last things I saw were the jumpers. I also liked these, they ranged from about £1 to £2.

With that I went home for tea with an, I am afraid, rather dim view of this revolutionary store.

We thought that our young reporter, drunk with the power of the critic, had been a bit strong, and our more seasoned assessors were much taken by the Orange Hand (an off-shoot of Burton's).

Attractive fashionable ideas; good styling; reasonable prices. But do complain if they haven't the sizes.

THE RESPONSE to the Insight Consumer Unit's article last Sunday on children's shoes has been stupendous, indicating, of course, how seriously parents have taken the subject. There may therefore be slight delay in despatching all the information packs that have been asked for.

LES DEJAS (continued)
Flop—deja boo
Fast-growing calf—deja moo
Arab world—deja coup
Overcooked rice—deja goo
Precocious pigeon—deja coo
Burnt butter/flour—deja rour
Apache intermarriage—deja Sioux
Niron/Mao—deja woo
Eclairs/pastry—deja choux.
Ray Anzarus

Jilly Cooper, romping with Rix and the rest of them

I'VE ALWAYS adored Brian Rix. Whether he is tilting at windmill girls, radiating jaunty hopelessness, or dropping his trousers and clangers, I see him as the King of Underpantsomime.

Twenty-one years ago today, he made his debut in the West End in Reluctant Heroes and has been filling theatres with people and laughter ever since. His new farce, a political romp called Don't Just Lie There, Say Something, opens at the Garrick on Wednesday. Curious to know what is involved in the making of a Rix Farce, I decided to follow the progress of this one from the beginning.

The first rehearsal was in a British Legion Hall in Fulham. "No smoking while dancing," said the stage manager. "Please leave prams outside," said the busboy on the door.

The cast of the play consists of four very pretty girls: Joanna Lumley, Deborah Grant, Nina Thomas and Donna Reading, and four funny men: Alfred Marks, who plays an outwardly respectable Minister of the Crown, whose private life is a girl-packed disgrace, Brian Rix as his strait-laced Under-Secretary, Leo Franklin as a doddering member of the Opposition, and Peter

Bland as a bemused police inspector.

The girls arrived first—all very done up for the first day: shining clean hair, Mediterranean tan

out of a bottle, careful make-up, false eyelashes. I wondered how long they'd keep that up.

Brian Rix was incredibly jolly and brown from the South of Spain. Alfred Marks, also brown, was much more strung-up and twitchy.

Obviously they were thrilled to be getting down to work again.

A lot of grape therapy went on, men kissing and grasping each other on the forearm. All the technical people were introduced to the cast, rather sketchily, no one remembering surnames.

I had moved into the world of "if it moves, call it darling."

Wally Douglas, the director, tapped the table, and called everyone to order. I tried not to laugh when he said:

"Now darlings, I know it's asking a terrible lot of you to be here by a quarter to ten every day. But if we only take a short lunch break we can all be away by four."

A long irrelevant discussion followed about where to get caviar and Sellotape for sticking on moustaches. Alfred Marks tapped his gold lighter on the

table, anxious to begin. The first whole caper was full of in jokes like this.

Michael Pertwee, the author, talked about writing farce.

"You don't write it, you build it," he said. "Before any play goes on, Brian Rix goes through it counting bellylaughs, laughs and titters; if there aren't enough of any of the three, more have to be added."

The second act was then read. The humour as broad as it wasn't.

It was a depressingly good dress rehearsal," he said.

We then wished everyone good luck on the opening performance that night. Everyone had sent each other cables and flowers.

I went out front all nervous as a cat. After all this effort what if it were a terrible flop?

I felt as if it were my play now, and all my friends were acting in it. Suddenly, miraculously, the whole theatre was filled with

laughter like a great bellow.

Time and again throughout the performance, the audience broke into spontaneous clapping over a particularly spectacular piece of business.

The second act produced even more hilarity. Curkin call after curtain call was taken at the end. Then after a subdued dinner, Brian Rix, Michael Pertwee, their two wives and Wally

Douglas and I retired to a private room for a post mortem. "At this stage, we look for what's wrong," said Michael Pertwee, "so it can be put right before we go into the West End."

At five o'clock in the morning the men were still at it, hammering out ideas. Mrs Rix and Mrs

Pertwee sat fast asleep on adjacent sofas, their beautiful ankles crossed.

I think when initial problems are sorted out, Alfred Marks and Brian Rix will make the ideal combination. Malvolio and Ague-cheek, stuffed shirt and clown.

Marks and Rix could become as well known as Marks and Spencer. The play, like Tennyson's brook, should run for ever.

What was so surprising, as I picked up a morning paper next day, was that we had all been too involved to realise the dollar, or is it the yen, was floating.

He tried to make me take up smoking. But I said I'd see him inhale first.

A.F.G.L.



Three in a bed (of course): Marks, Lumley and Rix

Franklyn still wearing his dressing gown and pyjamas and clutching a sponge bag. Everyone left their spring onions. Actors are very conscious of their breath—the girls sucked Poles all the time.

On the following Monday, I arrived in Birmingham half-way through what can only be described as the undress rehearsal, at the part in the play where unbewust to one another, Alfred Marks and Brian Rix are about to get into bed with Joanna Lumley.

Joanna was bawling about taking her clothes off on stage. "I'll get into bed, then remove my bra and pants," she told Wally Douglas firmly, "it's the sort of thing a Kensington girl would do."

Wally disagreed: "It'll be all right if we dim the lights," he said. Joanna shook her head, then wandered down stage and took off her bra. "Look Wally, it simply isn't sexy," and in the end Joanna agreed to strip if the lights were dimmed to pitch black.

Michael Pertwee and I had a drink to stiffen our upper lips. "It was a depressingly good dress rehearsal," he said.

We then wished everyone good luck on the opening performance that night. Everyone had sent each other cables and flowers.

I went out front all nervous as a cat. After all this effort what if it were a terrible flop? I felt as if it were my play now, and all my friends were acting in it. Suddenly, miraculously, the whole theatre was filled with

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SUNDAY TIMES SPECIAL OFFER

The indispensable spotlight

NO MODERN lighting scheme is complete without spotlights. They look good; they give effective light in lots of different ways. They can be used on walls or ceilings, on stairs, above beds, in studies, in the kitchen; to highlight sculptures or pictures, to throw light back on to a decorative ceiling or on to curtains. You can move them forwards, backwards, up and down, round and round, in and out.

The Sunday Times is offering

its readers a pack consisting of

two spotlights, with bulbs, at

£5.10, which is considerably

below the nearest equivalent on the retail market.

The fittings are available in black, white, or orange and they come with two 75-watt mushroom silvered bulbs (they alone are worth 79p each on the retail market).

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for installing the lights and

anybody who can cope with Rawlings and joint wires to supply

leads will find it easy.

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some of the clutter you've collected over the years... like girl-friends—Programme note in TV Times (Miss R. L. Johnson, Salisbury, Wilts).

THE Association has been asked to publicise the vacancies for two male sociologists at the Haile Selassie University. — Circular from the British Sociological Assn. (Diana Barker, Brynmill Terrace, Swansea, Kent).

HE blamed the return of congestion on local people who had now taken to driving in—"old ladies in Morris Minors driving round at a snail's pace, window-shopping as they go"—The Times (A. J. Clifford, Retford, Notts).

IF YOU'RE leaving town, it often gets a little difficult to dispose of

some of the clutter you've collected over the years... like girl-friends—Programme note in TV Times (Miss R. L. Johnson, Salisbury, Wilts).

SPINNING frames up at Salts' mill on the outskirts of Bradford are operated by both men and women, but the men work six frames at a time while the women manage seven for practically the same pay. Why, I asked the male overseer, were women expected to do more work than the men? "Because it's women's work," he said.—The Guardian (F. P. Sharples, Didsbury, Manchester.)

by Calman

Illustrations by Calman

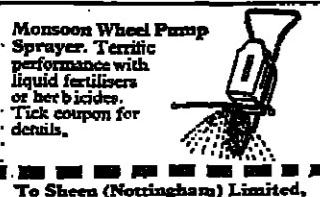
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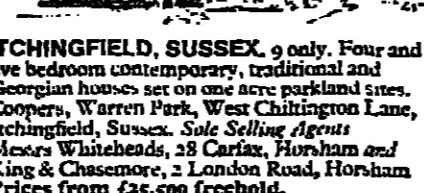
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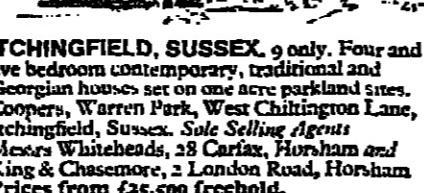


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